

A verie serious businesse call's on him:  
The great prerogative and rite of loue,  
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming houre oreflow with ioy,  
And pleasure drowne the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,  
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,  
Strengthened with what Apologic you thinke  
May make it probable neede.

*Hel.* What more commands hee?

*Par.* That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you come firrah.

*Exit Par.*

*Exit*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordshippe thinke not him a  
souldier.

*Ber.* Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

*Laf.* You haue it from his owne deliurance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimonie.

*Laf.* Then my Dial goes not true, I tooke this I take  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-  
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and  
transgreft against his valour, and my state that way is  
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:  
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will per-  
sue the amitie.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done sir.

*Laf.* Pray you fir whose his Tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O I know him well, I fir, hee fir a good worke-  
man, a verie good Tailor.

*Ber.* Is shee gone to the king?

*Par.* Shee is.

*Ber.* Will shee away to night?

*Par.* As you'll haue her.

*Ber.* I haue writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,  
When I should take possession of the Bride,  
And ere I doe begin.

*Laf.* A good Trauailer is something at the latter end  
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a  
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should  
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-  
taine.

*Ber.* Is there any ynkindnes betweene my Lord and  
you Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I haue deserued to run into my  
Lords displeasure.

*Laf.* You haue made shift to run into't, booties and  
spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and  
out of it you'll runne againe, rather then suffer question  
for your residence.

*Ber.* It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's  
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule  
of this man is his clothes: Trust him not in matter of  
heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know  
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better  
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but  
we must do good against euill.

*Par.* An idle Lord, I sweare.

*Ber.* I thinke so.

*Par.* Why do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I haue fir as I was commanded from you  
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue  
For present parting, onely he desires  
Some priuate speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministrition, and required office  
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a businesse, therefore am I found  
So much vnfeild: This driues me to intreate you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,  
For my respects are better then they seeme,  
And my appointments haue in them a neede  
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother,  
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so  
I leaue you to your wisdome.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient seruant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to ecke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild  
To equall my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:  
Hie home.

*Hel.* Pray fir your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,  
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale  
What law does vouch mine owne.

*Ber.* What would you haue?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,  
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Brauely, Coragio.

### Actus Tertius.

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,  
with a troope of Souldiers.

*Duke.* So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

*Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell

Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we meruaile much our Cousin France  
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*French E.* Good my Lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,  
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found  
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile  
As often as I guesst.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*French G.* But I am sure the yonger of our nature,

That suffer on their ease, will day by day  
Come heere for Physicke.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they bee:

And all the honors that can flye from vs,  
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,  
To morrow to'th the field.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Count.* It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue  
that he comes not along with her.

*Cl.* By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-  
rie melancholly man.

*Count.* By what obseruance I pray you.

*Cl.* Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing:  
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke  
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of  
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a long,

*Lad.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means  
to come.

*Clow.* I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.  
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing  
like your old Ling and your *Isbel*: a'th Court: the brains  
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an  
old man louts money, with no stomacke.

*Lad.* What haue we heere?

*Cl.* In that you haue there.

*exit*

*A Letter.*

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the  
King, and undone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworne to make her not eternall. You shall heare I am  
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
duty to you.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the fauours of so good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* O Madam, yonder is heauenewes within be-  
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

*La.* What is the matter.

*Cl.* Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some  
comfort your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought  
he would.

*La.* Why should

*Cl.* So say I Ma-  
does, the danger is in  
men, though it be th-  
come will tell you m-  
sonne was run away.

*Enter Hel.*

*French E.* Saue y

*Hel.* Madam, m

*French G.* Do not

*La.* Thinke vpon

I haue felt so many

That the first face of

Can woman me vnto

*French G.* Madam

*French G.* Madam

We met him thither

And after some dispa

Thither we bend ag

*Hel.* Looke on hi

When thou canst get th

shall come off, and sh

that I am father too sh

I write a Newes

This is a dreadfull se

*La.* Brought you

*French G.* I Madam, a

for our paines.

*Old La.* I prethe

If thou engroffest, al

Thou robbt me of a

But I do wash his n

And thou art all my

*French G.* I Madam

*La.* And to be a

*French G.* Such is

The Duke will lay v

That good conuenie

*La.* Returne you

*French E.* I Madam

*Hel.* Till I haue n

'Tis bitter.

*La.* Finde you th

*Hel.* I Madam

*French E.* 'Tis but th

his heart was not cor

*Lad.* Nothing in

There's nothing hee

But onely she, and f

That twenty such ru

And call her hourly

*French E.* A seru

haue sometime kno

*La.* Parolles was

*French E.* I my ge

*La.* A verie rai

My sonne corrupts

With his inducemen

*French E.* Indeed g

that, too much, whi

*La.* Yare welco

when you see my fo

neuer winne the hon